Mr. President, Members of the Class of '64 and Friends.

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As the devout Hebrew, wandering in distant climes far from the home of his fathers, ever turns his face, at sunset hour, toward the "sacred city" to offer his evening devotions, so to-day do we, the former students of Middlebury, on this anniversary day, stirred and thrilled by the glorious memories of the past, return instinctively to the shrine of our college life - to revisit the old Halls of Learning, now so sacred - to grasp again the hands of the few remaining friends, and to consecrate again our lives to the high ideals which for more than a century have inspired the students of our beloved Alma Mater.

As we have been approaching this milestone of our busy lives,- the Commencement of 1914,- I have anticipated special pleasure in being permitted to place my offering upon the "altar" of my academic life, and on this day, the fiftieth

anniversary of my graduation, when so large a per cent. of my classmates living can be present, to remove the soil and lay the corner stone of a Memorial Chapel which will rise from the highest portion of this Campus.

The history of my ancestors is such as to make it specially appropriate for me to assume this duty, for, as I stated in my letter to our President, Doctor Thomas, it was my great-great-grandfather, the first white settler on the Otter Creek, who brought the first copy of the Bible into this valley, and it was his wife, the mother of the first white child born in the valley, with her daughters gathered about her in an Indian wigwam, upon one side of which was seated the squaw and the papooses of the then Chief of the Caugnawagas, who read by the light of a pine torch a chapter from this Bible, and then kneeling with her daughters in a circle, she offered the first prayer, so far as history or tradition teaches, ever uttered in this valley.

A few months afterward, Rev. Benajah Root, a

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to make this Holy Temple an instrument of great good to those of this generation & to all those of the distant future, & as the casting of the Bread upon the waters which should return to us after many thousands who will succeed us as founders of this College & who their influence & teaching should remain to remain a blessing to many others in distant lands & for many generations yet to come who will never know whom or where the second Quilmes planted

graduate of Yale and a regularly ordained minister of the Congregational Church, came into this valley at Center Rutland, where the first religious society was organized, and my great-great-grandmother was one of the fifteen charter members,- and years afterwards my great-grandfather married the eldest daughter of said Reverend Mr. Root, and thus she became my great-grandmother on my father's side.

These relations, with many others which I will not rehearse, make it specially my duty to continue the noble work which these ancestors inaugurated on the first evening of their arrival in this valley, and thus the thought of being able financially, and of being permitted physically, to erect this chapel has been the source of sincere pleasure to me for the last few months, and as I strive to discern the future, I am strengthened, yes, assured, by the many promises of Holy Writ, that the acts of this day performed under such favorable auspices, will be a source of great pleasure to my family, to my

friends, and to myself, and I trust it will be "the bread cast upon the waters" which will return to many thousands who will succeed us as members of this college, and through their influence and teaching will remain a blessing to many others living in distant lands and during generations yet to come, and other thousands who will never know when or where the sacred seed was planted, which grew so abundantly and comforted them and theirs with sacred blessings, and which can only spring from one source.

Such has been my pleasing experience for the last few weeks and such are my hopes for the future, and for generations yet unborn.

As we stand upon this height of our campus, (made sacred this day by being consecrated to the development of the spiritual life, that which will continue unto the end,- that which will grow brighter and more beautiful as the succeeding generations roll away), from this height we look down upon the grand old chapel, which has been the sacred shrine of our fathers for nearly

an hundred years, we realize that there are invisible cords of love and reverence, reaching forth to every clime, which are entwined about thousands of sacred hearts, binding them more and more strongly to this temple of their youth. This sacred affection cannot be wholly transferred to this later temple, but our fathers and forefathers will all rejoice that a more complete structure has been provided for their children and children's children.

We also look down upon those noble structures of colonial art, Old Painters and Starr Halls, and what precious memories are associated with these students' homes of the last three ~~centuries~~ generations.

Such, my friends, was Middlebury College 54 years ago, when I first came upon its campus, with all her pleasant memories and her noble work so well done.

The War of '61 and '5 had a most depressing effect upon our college life, absorbing largely the interest of the students, a large per cent. of whom left the college halls and hurried with

their brothers to the defence of their country, and it was nearly forty years before our Alma Mater recovered from the terrible scourge. Hundreds of thousands of our noblest sons were offered as a sacrifice on the Altar of Freedom, our nation was impoverished and burdened with a debt of many billions, many cities and towns were totally destroyed, many large sections both north and south were left as barren wastes, and thus it took nearly two generations to recover from this affliction.

But what has the last 12 ~~to 15~~ years added to the original buildings ; the Beautiful Library by Mr. Starr, Science Hall by Mr. Ezra Warner, (whom many of us so well remember,) Piersons Hall, by that grand old philanthropist, the McCullough Gymnasium, by our adopted brother, Gen. J. G. McCullough, the Chemistry Building, the Girls Dormitory and its adjacent buildings. These useful and beautiful structures have within ~~15~~ 12 years been placed upon our campus at a cost exceeding $400,000. Such is the physical life

of our college to-day, with an increase of students of from 200 to 300 per cent.

But, my friends, what of the future? Do not fear - the future will in no respect discredit the past. With our Doctor Thomas as standard bearer, with such a corps of professors and teachers, and with many thousand alumni and alumnae, all inspired by the noble deeds of the past century, and specially by the enormous growth of the last quarter of a century, its equal unknown in the history of New England college life, with an immediate future so rich in proffered assistance, we should have no fear, less it might be the loss of our own self respect and of our high regard for the future of our children. If 50 years ago those of us then associated with Middlebury College could have raised the veil of the future only for a moment, would we not have been filled with surprise and admiration.

With the prestige of past success and with unabated confidence in the future, let us have perfect faith in the destiny of our Alma Mater,

each realizing his duty. Let us labor that she may increase abundantly, not only in wealth and numbers, but in that which is infinitely better - growth in the mental, the moral and the spiritual life.

Inspired by this thought, my family and myself wish to dedicate this Memorial Chapel to our respected President, Doctor Thomas, and former President and Classmate, Doctor Brainerd, and to all others associated with our Alma Mater, as Trustees, Teachers and Students. On this date I wish to break the ground and place the corner stone for this Memorial Chapel, with the hope and prayer that there shall be a sacred duty resting upon each , to make this Holy Temple, so soon to be erected, an instrument of great good to those of this generation and to those who may follow after, and that our Alma Mater may be favored by steadily increasing numbers and with ample means for the noble work which will devolve upon her, and all of which she will attempt so willingly, so courageously and so faithfully.

Thanks